

Notre Dame Scholastic.

Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus.

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Our Staff.

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Alone at Eve.

CHARLES SWAIN.

Alone at eve, when all is still—
And memory turns to other years,
How oft our weary hearts we fill
With feelings dark and bitter tears:
The friendships of our youthful day—
The hopes, which time could ne'er fulfil,
And voices that have pass'd away,
Return at eve—when all is still!

When all is still except the breast
That wakes to long remember'd woe,
Of parted hopes, and hearts oppress'd,
And loved ones buried long ago!—
Yet solace may our spirits find—
A star to light the darkest ill;
There's ONE the broken heart can bind—
Alone at eve—when all is still!

—Catholic Universe.

Argument of Mr. W. H. Arnold in the Debate
"Is the Legal Profession more Beneficial
than the Medical?" which took place in
University Hall, Nov. 18th.

We are called upon this evening to decide the question "Is the Legal Profession more Beneficial than the Medical?" and it is our duty to prove that the latter is the more beneficent; this I will endeavor to do, and will leave it with our friends to decide how well. As first speaker on the negative, I will premise that we, being persuaded of the superiority of our profession over the law, have undertaken to prove it to you; but if we fail, we wish that you may attribute our failures not to our subject but to ourselves, or opponents; for it is the doctor's part to act and

the lawyer's to plead. The first thing necessary in debate is to define and understand the subject.

By the term legal profession is evidently meant the profession of the law of the courts and lawyers; not indeed divine law, *i. e.*, the Commandments; nor moral law, *i. e.*, the obligation of man to man; nor political law, *i. e.*, the science of government; nor any of those laws known as the rules of science. To prove this, I have but to show the common acceptance of the term by such commonplace remarks as "I'll punish you according to the law"; or, "I'll go to law to have my claims decided"; and, according to the universal acceptance of the term, is meant the settlement of questions in the ordinary law courts; for it is there, and only there, that one man can punish another legally. They cannot punish by divine law, they cannot punish by political law; hence it must be inferred that the meaning of the term is as we have stated. Then again, the term, legal profession, cannot be made to embrace the whole law, human and divine; for then it would embrace the law of physics or medicine. I say it cannot mean these; for in many instances the law—*i. e.*, of the courts—is opposed to divine law by making war upon God's Church, as is being done to-day in some of the European States, and to such an extent as to amount to persecution. Is this beneficial to man? It opposes natural law, by licensing marriages of blood relations, the result of which has, as medical science proves, been an offspring whose mental qualities are blighted or imperfect. Is this beneficial to mankind? Again, the term law cannot embrace the divine and natural, because their very essence is justice; as this is clearly shown by the expression we frequently hear: "Well, that may be law; but it is not justice." And by that maxim of the laws of England: "The king can do no wrong." Yet we know that he generally succeeds in doing much harm, from the fact that it was the practice of the law that immolated several millions of Christians during the ten persecutions; that drove liberty and the priest from Ireland and Poland; that kept the Irish in cruel subjugation, and reduced the noble Pole to slavery. Is not law *beneficial* to mankind?

As law and medicine of themselves are inert and inactive, we can only derive benefit from their administration by their respective professors or ministers. The real question then is, Which is more beneficial, the administration of the law—as described above—by the lawyer, or that of medicine by the doctor? The practice of medicine is of early origin. We can trace it almost to the Deluge; for it has been proved by many writers, notably Schultz, Le Clerc, and Brambilla, to have existed just after that event. Hence we know that doctors were in repute long before there were lawyers, or any use for them; for medicine originated in the infirmities of man, and law in his corruption.

Men were not always corrupt; but were, and are ever, subject to sickness, accidents, etc. If God's Commandments were kept there would be no lawyer; but the peculiar constitution of man necessitates the doctor. As an instance of the honor in which medicine was held by the ancients I will recall the fact that the Egyptians, Greeks and Romans considered it one of the greatest gifts of the gods, and worshipped as its originators Seraphis, Æsculapius, and others. Second only to the bestowal of life did they estimate medicine, which they regarded as the science of preserving and rendering it happy. They, therefore, honored the ministers of this science—the physicians. As an example of the esteem in which doctors were held in ancient times, I need but mention Hypocrates, who was loved and honored by a whole nation. Referring again to history, we find that medicine has been practiced, found most helpful and indispensable not only by the more civilized peoples, as the Romans, Italians, and Moors of Spain, but also by the more rude—as the early Gauls and Britons. Time will not allow a further past history of the doctor; besides it is unnecessary, as it is chiefly by a comparison of the present benefits of law and medicine that I propose to win this debate. I will now treat the subjects not as what they were in the past, or may be in the future, but simply as they are; not the lawyer without the doctor, or *vice versa*, but both acting in their respective spheres, co-existing and working together for man's benefit.

The aim of law is to settle man's disputes with man, and to punish criminals. The aim of medicine is to ameliorate man's sufferings, and to save his life. The lawyer aims to preserve the peace; the doctor, to preserve the creature, without whom both would be unnecessary. If God's greatest work was the creation of man, certainly man's greatest work is to preserve and render comfortable the life thus created. The lawyer may secure to a man property, damages for personal injury, or punishment for crimes against his peace and liberty; but the doctor preserves to him that, without which, property and damages would not be needed—his life and health. Here it is clear to anyone that the practice of the doctor is directed wholly for the benefit of mankind. Then, again, law does not always do justice or accomplish its avowed purpose. The lawyer does not always strive to have justice done, but to have it averted. An Irishman, in a Boston court, upon being remonstrated with for crying, and assured of justice, wittily remarked that it was justice he was afraid of. The lawyer's whole duty is to do the best he can for his client—thus, perhaps, defeating justice, and turning loose an unpunished criminal upon the community; while the physician's labors are always humane and unoffensive to the public; his labors are for the benefit of all mankind rather than a portion—a guilty few, perhaps.

Law does not fulfil its primary object in practice—often-times failing to do justice, by punishing the innocent and freeing the guilty; by awarding damages to the undeserving through judges and juries who might be incompetent and influenced by mercenary or other motives. The ancient Persians punished these kind of judges by skinning them; were this method of punishment adopted by us today, most of their "Honors" would lose their skins, to the ruination of the leather market and the starvation of their executioners. The trouble with judges too frequently is that they need the doctor. Judge Humphreys, a recognized jurist on the District of Columbia bench, gave decisions one way one week, another way the next; his physician

ascribed his capriciousness to disease of the liver. This decision is a subject for after-thought. Fees, too, have a great weight with the lawyer, and are looked upon as the most important part of the law. Cases that are deserving of justice and consideration have been, and often are, held over till later; but better paying ones are settled. The object of the lawyer, as demonstrated by numberless instances, is often to keep a case in litigation as long as possible, by complicating points which might have been easily settled, as is instanced in the celebrated case from which the eminent novelist, Charles Dickens, drew his ideas of the Jaundice *vs.* Jaundice Suit, which he assures us was founded upon reality and not at all exaggerated. For assurance of the genuineness of this suit, I will refer my opponent to the preface in "Author's Edition of Bleak House."

It has become a common saying, "take \$5 rather than sue for \$500, for the quirks and quibbles of the lawyers will rob you of all you have." Not so with the physician, whose chief object is to first effect a speedy cure and look for his fee afterward. While the lawyer can refuse an unpromising case, a doctor is compelled to attend all. It is true, as asserted by some, that since God has made men, He will take care of them physically; but He at the same time makes the physician the instrument of taking care of man, and thereby makes him man's greatest benefactor. If this instrument is not made use of, man will be afflicted and lose his life; the same as if he does not make use of the Church, he will be unhappy and lose his soul. You can see in the daily papers cases where forgers, thieves, and even murderers, by a lavish use of money purchase their freedom; while the poor mother is doomed to a prison cell for stealing bread to preserve the life of her starving babe, and all through the imperfections or incompleteness of the law. But in how great a contrast rises the noble and almost divine profession of the doctor, which has for its chief object but one great and earnest endeavor—the health of mankind. While at his cosy fire-side, or some well stocked bar the eminent lawyer nightly practices, the doctor—the messenger of mercy—goes through the driving snow-storm, the pouring rain, the pelting hail, to the bedside of the sick. "A saintly mother, a beloved father, a devoted sister or brother"—with scarce life enough to breathe—lie there, and oh with what eager, anxious longing do we await our good old friend, the family physician! and at the sound of his cheering voice kindly assuring us, how leaps the heart for joy to find that in his brain—well stocked with medical lore—he has a remedy to bring back the color to those faded cheeks and life to the sunken forms of those we love. On the field of battle, when shattered by shot and shell, the wounded lie moaning their lives away, how welcome is the doctor to relieve the pain and bind up the wounds, which the law, perhaps, has been the cause of! To the doctor may be aptly applied those lines of Scott:

"When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel—thou."

Was it not the imperfections of the law that brought on the late civil war, when learned lawyers of America's noblest stamp differed, until a strife was brought about, which ended in shedding the blood and taking the lives of thousands? Is it not indeed the law that has been the cause of most of the wars which have stained this fair earth with the heart's blood of millions? Can we not attribute to the law the instability of the marriage contract, of which it makes light, and the prevalence of divorce

suits? Does not the law foster and enforce a godless education? and is it not responsible for all the resulting crimes? Are the oppressive laws of Ireland, the laws of persecution in France, Russia, Poland, and the discriminating laws of Germany—are these, I say, beneficial?

To doctors is due, next to the power of the Almighty, the subjection of the terrible epidemic which devastated the Southern homes in '78-9. The doctor, by his indefatigable researches and long experience, has discovered the means to avert such terrible diseases as the black death, small-pox, etc. Statistics show that formerly all weak children died; but now that doctors are so numerous, and notwithstanding the fact that each successive generation becomes weaker and weaker, most of these little ones are saved. The doctor eradicates the germ, and thus prevents the growth of the disease; he cures the cold, heals the bruise, dissipates malarial, etc., and thus prevents consumption, cancer, and contagious diseases; he mends the broken limb, corrects deformities, and saves from death in many cases. When Alexander was taken from the Cydnus, of what use would have been the knowledge of a hundred lawyers compared with the services of Philip his physician? To the doctors is due the credit of establishing the sanitary systems of the world; it is by following their directions the South has been spared a revisitation of the yellow fever. Another object of the doctor is to correct abuse of nature's law, and his influence in a moral light is not insignificant; his advice to his patient is always to abstain from anything which will weaken the body, or unnaturally stimulate the nerves; which, if obeyed, restricts the drunkard and checks the profligate. There is a library written in praise of the law and lawyer; but little concerning the doctor can be found in books. At this you may wonder. The reason is that the lawyer strives for political eminence and fame as an orator. He feels himself amply rewarded if he be regarded as a fluent speaker, a sharp man, a fortunate lawyer. The doctor works for the benefit of mankind; his life is not written, but his name and deeds are inscribed on pages of gratitude in the hearts of thousands. Then, again, the practice of medicine is not necessarily restricted by arbitrary rules as is that of the law; so that if a physician's experience detects an improvement he is at liberty to take advantage of it; but the lawyer must make the most of legal shortcomings. As a rule, when the lawyer gets a man into trouble it takes the doctor to get him out of it. A man of any or no character may be a lawyer, and interpret the law to the detriment of the people and his own personal aggrandizement—as in the case of Lords Bacon and Jeffreys; but a doctor's character and morals must be pure, or he cannot receive a diploma; and these must remain with him, or he will have no practice. Men who have no tie to honor, truth and justice, save natural promptings, are our most influential, noted, and best lawyers. The legal profession may have its Gascoigne once a century; but we have thousands of continual Hypocrites. The good Samaritan spoken of in the Bible, whom I shall call a physician in binding up the wounds of him who fell among thieves, and was beaten and robbed, did infinitely more good than a lawyer could have done in his endeavors to recover the stolen property and punish his assailants. And so it is all through life. We find greater benefits conferred by the doctor than by the lawyer, because the former follows the nobler profession; for what religion and the priest are to the soul, medicine and the doctor are to the body. Does the doctor not seem

divine in his mission, likening himself unto Him who was the physician of men? He went about healing the sick, giving sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, curing the halt and the lame; and do not they? He gave his life that souls might be saved. In the great epidemics do not they give their lives to save their fellow-men? Can we hesitate upon this question? Does not the crown of victory already shine upon the brow of that angel of mercy—the doctor?

Snow.

BY R. E. FLEMMING.

Webster defines snow as "watery particles, congealed into white or transparent crystals, or flakes, in the air." These flakes are of twenty different forms, all of which are readily observed by looking at them when placed under the microscope. Although one of these flakes is in itself comparatively nothing, yet, when thousands of them fall together, if the earth be not damp, it will in a few hours be covered to a depth of several inches with the flakey substance. The beautiful and exhilarating mountainous districts of Europe, which in the summer months are so pleasant to the sight of the tourist, are in the winter the scenes of terrible calamities in the shape of avalanches. An avalanche occurs when a large mass of the snow and ice, with which the mountains are covered, becomes detached from, and sliding down the mountainside, uproots trees, and destroys everything in its path, sometimes burying a whole village under its weight, if the village should unfortunately be located at the foot of the mountain, and in the avalanche's awful course. In Switzerland, misfortunes of this kind happen very frequently.

Another great danger resulting from heavy snows is, that when the summer's sun causes the snow on the mountains to melt, the rivers, swollen with the superabundance of water thus produced, overflow their banks, submerging cities, and destroying many lives and vast amounts of valuable property. These overflowings are called inundations, and are very destructive. Many lives are lost every year during the violent snow-storms, which are of such frequent occurrence in the mountainous districts of Europe. Early in the morning of what, to all appearances, promises to be a delightful and pleasant day, the peasant sets out to visit a neighbor across the mountains, intending and expecting to return in the evening. It is yet the season of autumn, and winter—with its trials and hardships—is thought to be many days distant. The sun shines brightly in the heavens, beautifying all nature. On every hand, our traveller beholds the honest shepherds watching with contentment and happiness their little flocks. The little birds, from their nests in the rocky crevices, twitter joyfully in his ears as he passes by, and render the air alive with the music of their songs. In fact, all nature seems to have combined her charms for the purpose of making his journey a pleasant exercise. He reaches his destination a little before noon; and after spending a few hours in pleasant conversation with his neighbor on various topics, sets out for home with a light heart. He strolls along leisurely, unconscious of the danger he incurs in so doing, alternately singing and whistling a mountain lay. Towards evening, dark clouds commence to obscure the sun from his sight; the wind commences to blow; the air

grows chilly, and already the traveller is apprehensive of the coming of a fearful snow-storm. He quickens his pace, dreading to be caught in it, and hoping to reach safely his home and family. Presently it commences to snow, lightly at first, but rapidly increasing, until the flakes are so thick in the air as to prevent him from seeing only a few yards ahead of him. The snow is now up to his knees, still he urges himself forward. At last he discovers that which he has from the beginning of the storm been dreading. He has lost his way. It is rapidly growing dark, and he knows it is useless to proceed farther. Benumbed with cold, and almost overcome by despair, he sinks down exhausted behind some large rock—if he should chance to be near one—hoping, yet despairing that it will protect him from the fury of the storm. He thinks of his pleasant home, of his happy family, now anxiously waiting his return; and the thought that perhaps he will never see them again almost drives him crazy. He soon sinks into a sound slumber, during which he is frozen to death. The snow, the cause of his death, furnishes his shroud, and, drifting over him, a grave and burial. But a great many deaths of this nature are prevented through the instrumentality of the devotedness to their fellow-men of the generous Monks of St. Bernard. These monks live in convents, situated in the mountains of Switzerland, France, and other countries. In these convents, the monks keep a great many large dogs, called, St. Bernard dogs, which are of great service in saving the lives of travellers lost in the snow. The fame of these dogs is world wide. After a snow-storm they are sent out early in the morning, carrying food, wine, etc., around their necks, and warm covering on their backs; and are closely followed by the monks, all in quest of the unfortunate traveller overtaken by the snow-storm. The dogs, having a keen sense of smell, very easily find the travellers, if any were lost in the vicinity of the convent. When one of these dogs finds a traveller, he immediately begins to bring him to consciousness by licking his face and hands. He then tugs at the coat of the traveller until he is aroused. The traveller then partakes of the nourishment strapped to the faithful dog's back, and the monks, arriving soon after, conduct him to their convent, where he remains until sufficiently able to resume his journey.

Snow, though the direct cause of many misfortunes, is also the source of innumerable pleasures, which are greatly enjoyed both by the old and young. No sooner has the snow fallen to a depth of a few inches than on every side of us may be heard the music of the merry sleigh-bells. In every direction, we see countless sleighs dashing along, their gay occupants muffled up in buffalo robes to protect them from the cold. The very horses even seem to take delight in the snow; and holding their heads erect, trot along in a gay and proud manner. The pleasure of a cutter-ride is mostly restricted to grown persons, perhaps in consequence of its attendant expense. But take a walk to some steep hill in the vicinity of a city or town, and there you will see scores of boys enjoying an exercise far more pleasurable to them than that of cutter-riding. It is that of coasting. The boys, on sleds, mostly of their own manufacture, give themselves a start at the top of the hill and then go speeding down the incline with the rapidity of a race-horse. The air is filled with merry laughter and the warning shouts of "look out!" "clear the track!" etc. After the boy has reached the bottom, he commences his weary march of trudging up the

hill again, dragging his sled behind him. This is harder work than coming down; but he is amply repaid for his trouble, when, in a few minutes, he again speeds on his downward trip. This exercise, besides being very enjoyable, is also very healthy. Another sport common among the boys is that of building snow-forts; choosing sides and commanders, and then fighting battles with snow-balls. This is called snow-balling, and is an amusement from which frequent accidents result. Snow, when very deep, can be travelled over with ease with the aid of what is called snow-shoes. These are long light frames, worn by persons to prevent their feet from sinking into the snow. Formerly, when there were not so many rail-roads out West as there are at present, these shoes were used by the mail-carriers when the snow rendered it impossible to travel on their horses. They are used almost in the same manner as skates, and enable the person using them to travel over the deep snow very rapidly.

Art, Music and Literature.

—New York artists have sent some 175 pictures to the Philadelphia Exhibition.

—Mary Queen of Scots was the first sovereign of Europe to proclaim liberty of conscience.—*Agnes Strickland.*

—During his last illness, Offenbach, of comic opera fame, sent for a priest and received the Last Sacraments of the Catholic Church.

—Antonio Maschio, a Venetian gondolier, has made the latest contribution to Dante literature in a volume entitled "Pensieri e Chiose sulla 'Divina Commedia.'"

—Lady Georgiana Fullerton, the well known Catholic novelist, is a sister to Earl Granville, now foreign secretary. Her father was for years ambassador in Paris, and Lady G. writes French as well and as readily as English.—*Chicago Times.*

—Among prominent Catholic musicians we find the following names: Bile, Mozart, Haydn, Cherubini, G.ück, Donizeth, Verdi, Listz, Palestrina, Rossini, Clementi, Beethoven, Spohr, Gonnod, Bellini, Pergolesi, Paganini, and Carl Maria von Weber.

—Mr. James Redpath, the American journalist, who was indicted with Mr. Parnell and the other leaders of the Land movement, sailed for New York from Queenstown on the *Nevada*, Nov. the 15th. Before he left Dublin, a resolution of thanks was passed to Mr. Redpath by the Land League for his past services.

—The grand prix of the Union Centrale des Beaux Arts has been awarded, after a competition, to M. Rouillard, a pupil of the French National School of the Decorative Arts. The prize known as the *prix de voyage*, consists of 800 francs. The winner is obliged to make a journey, from which he must bring back sketches and drawings, as well as a journal showing that he has passed the time to his advantage.

—From the first introduction of the monastic orders into various Christian countries, schools for girls, managed by nuns, never ceased to furnish Catholic society with a class of exceptional women as distinguished for intelligence as for piety, and who in the study of literature rivalled the most learned monks. It is known that all the nuns of the choir were required to understand Latin, and that letters to them were always written in that language. We have only to remember St. Aura, the friend of St. Lloi, and the nun Bertile, whose learned lectures on Holy Scripture drew to Chelles, in the sixth century, a large concourse of auditors of both sexes; St. Radegonde, whose profound study of the three Greek Fathers, St. Gregory, St. Basil, and St. Athanasius, is commemorated by Fortunatus; and, finally, St. Gertrude, Abbess of Nivelles, who sent messengers to Rome and to Ireland to buy books and to bring learned professors thence.—*Montalembert.*

Scientific Notes.

—Mr. Chevenii, at the age of ninety-five, is giving a course of lectures on the science of chemistry, in Paris.

—According to Professor Read, of London, the world, by geological evidence, has reached the mature age of 600,000,000 years.

—Professor Huxley calls it "corollifloral dicotyledonous exogen, with a monopetalous corolla and a central placenta." If you are in a hurry, you can call it primrose instead.

—A Mons. Loilet has been recently dredging in the Sea of Galilee. It has a depth of over 800 feet, and contains twelve species of fish. The majority of these species have the singular habit of hatching their eggs and sheltering their young in their mouths.

—It is interesting to note that the railway up Mount Vesuvius is lighted by fourteen of Siemen's and Halske's electric lamps. The illumination of the crater and the sides of the volcano is, according to the *Elektrotechnische Zeitung*, grand in the extreme.

—In many marshy, fever-plagued districts of Europe and Africa the experiment of planting in large numbers the eucalyptus, or fever tree, has been tried for some years, and a late report shows that the result is the almost total banishment of fevers from those regions.

—The following are the heights of the principal monuments, domes, etc., in the world: St. Antoine column at Rome, 135 feet; principal tower of the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, 145; Trajan's column at Rome, 145; Napoleon's column at Paris, 150; Washington monument at Baltimore, 180; the great obelisk at Thebes, 200; Bunker Hill monument at Boston, 223; column of Delhi, 262; Trinity Church steeple at New York, 264; the dome of the Capitol, 300; dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, 320; tower of Manulius, 350; tower of the Cathedral at Strasburg, 460; dome of St. Peter's Cathedral, Rome, 465; Great Pyramid, 481.

—Edison's electric lamp is said to have been completed. He tells the correspondent of the *Indianapolis Journal* the following: "I am going to give sixteen candles of effective light to a burner, which is about two candles more than an ordinary gas-jet. I am testing these lamps to see which break quickest; all the lamps are numbered, you see, corresponding to the numbers in this book, where is recorded a history of each lamp. I raise the light to seventy-candle power (about four times the strain they will ordinarily have to bear) and then I watch to see where they break. I have strengthened that spot, and am now after other weaknesses. These lamps must be produced by machinery in large quantities, and I want them exactly right." Edison has 60 men at work in his laboratory and shops. He is independent, and can afford to await the most practical issue of his labors.

Exchanges.

—*Rounds' Printer's Cabinet* is a large folio of 30 pages, devoted to matters pertaining to the Art preservative of all arts—Printing. It is one of the handsomest specimens of typography and press-work that we have ever seen, and has received no end of well-merited encomiums on these features of excellence.

—*Our Little Ones* for December is handsomely illustrated, and contains just such reading as little folks are sure to like. William T. Adams (Oliver Optic) is the editor, and he seems here to display as much tact in choosing literature for children under ten as he did formerly in his own writings for boys. *Our Little Ones* contains 32 pages. \$1 50 a year. Russell Publishing Co., 149 A, Tremont Street, Boston.

—*McGee's Illustrated Weekly* is always a welcome visitor to our sanctum. Among the excellent illustrations in the issue for Nov. the 27th are several Rocky Mountain scenes, a portrait of Jay Gould, the great financier, a full-page picture of a revolutionary scene in New York on Eyacua-

tion Day, Nov. 25, 1783, accompanied by an interesting letter-press sketch of the event. "Pleasant Company makes the way short" is an excellent picture by Heywood Hardy, and "The First Four-in-hand in Blackville" is one of the best among the comic pictures which make *McGee's Illustrated Weekly* attractive to many. Published weekly at 80 West 11th St., New York. Price of subscription, \$3 a year.

—The title of the *Polyhymnian Monthly* has been changed to *The Clonian Monthly*. It is edited and published by the Clonian Literary Society, of the Valley Female College, Winchester, Va. The November number has an erudite and passably well-written historical sketch, entitled "Was the Execution of Mary Queen of Scots Justifiable?" with strong arguments and cogent reasons in favor of the negative side of the question. The locals are sprightly. In a critical notice of the *Alma Mater*, the fair exchange editor of *The Clonian* very properly blows it up for speaking favorably of Miss Sarah Bernhardt, "the very mention of whose name," adds the editor of *The Clonian*, "ought to bring a blush to every modest woman's cheek."

—*The Catholic Book News*, of which No. 4 of the seventh volume is before us, is, properly speaking, a trade circular of the Benziger Brothers (New York, Cincinnati and St. Louis), but it also contains interesting items regarding new and valuable books, and a splendid English and French letter, in each number. "Oxonienensis," the London correspondent of *The Catholic Book News*, is beyond doubt a scholar and a man well posted in regard to books and authors. We always read his letters with pleasure. As to the Paris letter, the only drawback is that it is published in French, and this is certainly a very great drawback, as it excludes many from the valuable information it contains. We advise the publishers by all means to have the French letter translated, and if they can only secure as good a one from Germany they will make *The Catholic Book News* a delightful visitor.

—The wag of the *C. C. N. Y. Free Press* still continues to wag. He says that he has religiously refrained from perpetrating a single thanksgiving joke; but, wishing his readers a jolly turkey, and a good digestion for the same, he avers that he has his own peculiar gobbler, which he has been carving for the last ten weeks. This is, of course, metaphorical; a gutta percha gobbler wouldn't stand half that cutting, even without being axed to give way. Under the Big Interrogation Mark, one of the questions propounded is—Whether somebody won't please steal those classic chickens before Thanksgiving? (We have some class-sick roosters at Notre Dame, ready for plucking, that he can have) and another—What did Oliver twist—and who the Dickens saw him do it? Among the clippings we find the following conundrum credited to the *Detroit Free Press*: "Why is Indiana the most benighted State in the Union? Because it has Notre Dame University in it."

—*The Paper World*, published monthly at Holyoke, Mass., does not confine itself within the narrow scope of a trade magazine, for it contains in each issue several excellent magazine sketches of men and things of note. "American Magazines, their Position and Distinctive Qualities," is the leading paper of the November number; with it is given a portrait of George Wm. Curtis. "The History of Paper-making in Berkshire County, Mass.," by Hon. Byron Weston, Lieut. Gov. of Massachusetts, is racy with anecdote and interesting details of paper-making and paper-makers. "Successful Paper-makers" is headed with a portrait of Chas. O. Chapin. "The Book-Shelf" is a new department opened for reviews and notices of freshly issued books and publications, and the matter in it is not by any means of the dry-skeleton order. Publishers of books of any and every kind are invited to keep the editor, (Clark W. Bryan) advised of their new books, and to forward copies for review and comment.

—*The College Message* for November pitches into *The Varsity* on account of its italic paragraph against us, and the *Varsity* man gets cakes without lasses. We lately asked one of the Preps here, who is noted for never getting on the Roll of Honor, and who always manages to get a good string of high notes, whether, if the abolition of the Roll was put to a vote he would vote against it, answered "No

sir; I would not." Another Prep, when we told him that one of the Canadian college editors wished to have the Roll of Honor abolished, said: "Ah, he is only jealous of us! If we had him here we would mount him and put a head on him!" or something to this effect. The Don Quixote of *The Varsity* may hence learn that there is a "divarsity" of opinion between himself and the students whom he wishes to benefit by his philanthropic notions. *The Varsity* man's weapon against us has turned out to be a boomerang, and in inexperienced hands this missile is a dangerous one, as the *Varsity* knows.

—The Monmouth *College Courier* for Nov. gives a clear, sensible and cutting answer to the absurd charge, and ridiculously pretentious assumption of *The Varsity*, published in a previous number of the *SCHOLASTIC*. The exchange editor of *The College Courier* snubs the *Varsity* snob in the following style:

"The matter to which the *Varsity* calls the attention of the college press in its italicised editorial is, in our judgment, of very small importance. '*Parturient montes, nascetur ridiculus mus.*' Undoubtedly the authorities of a college have a right to prohibit the use of tobacco by students, if they see fit. The question is merely one of policy. Undoubtedly, also, students are in honor bound to respect the regulations of the college they attend. We heartily despise what is vulgarly known as 'faculty-sucking,' yet we believe a college paper may properly declare itself on the side of law and manliness."

Parturient montes, nascetur ridiculus mus. And now, that the mountain has, after so much labor, brought forth the mouse, we are anxious to know what the *Varsity* man will do with it.

—*The Concordiensis* is the title of a neat and well-edited paper, from Union College N. Y., which comes with a request to exchange. We clip the following editorial for the benefit of the exchange editor of *The Cornell Era* and the editor of *The Varsity*, who seem to be very much disturbed by the "prefectorial attitude" of the *SCHOLASTIC*:

"Although a member of the Senior class, and proud of that distinction, still we cannot acquiesce in any ungentlemanly conduct on the part of its members. We think we show our loyalty by not only approving what is right, but condemning what is wrong. The recent conduct of some members of the class is deserving of the condemnation of every right-minded student. We refer to the disorder which was rampant in the English class at one of the late recitations. Such conduct becomes boys rather than Seniors. It was decreed by the Faculty that a portion of the class should take the study of English words one day per week. There is no excuse for such conduct. The Prof. treats the members of the class in a gentlemanly manner. It is but right that he should receive such treatment in return. The study is a useful one, and the Prof. endeavors and certainly does make it interesting to those who give him their attention. We are sure it is done from no spirit of malice. We trust there will be no more of it for the future."

—*The Berkeleyan* is publishing a model serial—in prose, of course—entitled "A Poem; or, The Spectre Demijohn." The second chapter (in the last issue) opens as follows:

"It will be remembered by our enormous army of subscribers, that the last chapter was closed as suddenly and paralytically as the sub-maxillary of a Panama monkey upon the proffered peanut. Doubtless you call to mind the fact that we left the chief in a position horrifying to you and anatomically dangerous to him. We can easily imagine the tiptoe of expectation upon which we have placed the readers of this history, and also the terrible apprehensions which fill their minds as to the vision that fell upon the starting optics of Washington. Many, unable to await the next issue, have visited us personally, expecting thereby to quell their vague uneasiness and to dispel the horrible probabilities. Many are the strange and amusing hypotheses that have been offered by them. One impression that had percolated through the minds of some of the perusers was, that the awe-inspiring object was nothing else than Pedro de Zebra performing the act of saponification upon the cotton coverings of his pedal extremities. One pale young man (he must have been a Freshman) insinuated that it was the spirit of Truth pointing the jeering finger of scorn at the leader of the expedition. No. Our fifteen thousand gentle readers, No, it was neither this nor the other."

For the rest of the chapter of this thrilling story we refer our readers to *The Berkeleyan* for Nov. the 22d, and perhaps by depositing a big pile of money with the publishers they may be furnished with advance sheets of the whole story.

—After an absence of two weeks, *The Varsity* again puts in an appearance—this time with a brand new title-page,

but still bearing the title of *The Varsity*. Why the apostrophe was left out is not explained, and why the vulgar and unenglish title didn't follow it is also a mystery. The *Varsity's* editor was always a little facetious, and like a society "wall-flower" he never opens his mouth without putting his foot in it. We are sorry for him, but it's his own business, and he will have to bear the consequences. The laying aside of the old title-page (it was not so old, after all—having been used but four or five weeks) is, we think, a step in the right direction, although the new one is not a little facetious, as will be explained presently. An item in the "Patriarch Student's" department informs us that the change is, in a measure, a compulsory one. *The Sunbeam* glinted upon the old title-page in such a way that the editor became ashamed of it, and concluded to change it. The difference between it and the new one is not easily explained; but *The Sunbeam* gives an idea of the former, and we will try to throw some descriptive light upon the latter. A portion of *The Sunbeam's* remarks are introduced by *The Varsity* itself, as follows: "A slight taste of literary 'phiz' [what's that?] may be had for the reading of the *Sunbeam*. Our old frontispiece serves as a target for its feminine cruelty: 'The most striking picture [feature?] about it (the *Varsity*) is the title-page, which is resplendent with the representation of a self-satisfied young student gazing sternly at a well-draped figure opposite, while 'mamma' looks approvingly on and gives her blessing.' Be equally gracious, *Sunbeams*," continues the *Varsity*, "to the Patriarch [what the deuce is this fellow, who calls himself a Patriarch, coying with young ladies for?] and I'll [sic!] cheerfully go through the drudgery of my observations for a month longer. [The old fellow must be on his 'last legs.'] To provoke the needed benison, I will just italicize a few words in 'Les Circonstances de la Vie,' an article in French, contributed to this same Whitby College paper." And he does italicize with a vengeance; the *Varsity* editors are good at italicizing; they gave us a whole item in italics three weeks ago. But alas, how low has *The Varsity* fallen in those three weeks! In two lines, quoted from the *SCHOLASTIC* in that italic item, there occurred a sad breach of rule in prose writing—nothing less than the contraction of the words "you will" to "you'll," which so hurt the sensitiveness of the *Varsity's* editor that he put the word "sic!" after it in parentheses ("sic!"). Now we find the *Varsity's* flirting Patriarch writing "I'll" for "I will"! Such depravity is enough to make any man sick, and we doubt if the editor will recover from the shock. A barrel of rain-water should instantly be provided for the model editor to cool his head in, or he will go stark mad over this vulgar freak of the Patriarch's. Sad would it be if the burden of another suicide should thus be imposed on the Canadian press! Those *Sunbeams* have, it seems, an immense influence on the editor of *The Varsity*. No sooner do they poke fun at him about the student and young maiden staring at each other, and the mamma looking on, than straightway he gets another plate engraved with both of mamma's eyes put out, and her arms lopped off so that she cannot give a "blessing" on the young people, and these latter are represented turning away from each other as if they had just quarrelled! The location of the university buildings, too, must have provoked the ridicule of the *Sunbeams*, for in the new plate we find them up among the clouds—sent "higher than a kite," in fact, as the small boys say, and the walls are posted over with the word "Varsity," in big letters, like one of the Chicago National Printing Co's. show-bills. (One of the "Patriarch's" freaks, no doubt, in a fit of somnambulism.) If we could only get the editor in a proper frame of mind we would like to quiz him a little on the title of his paper. We know that a long time ago—so long that the memory of the Patriarch student even cannot reach it—some of the thick-tongued and illiterate colliers or peasantry of England, in a vain endeavor to pronounce the word "university," called Oxford University "*the Varsity*,"—and we know, also, that some of the sporting and athletic clubs in that and other universities are often called "*Varsity*" clubs; but we fail to see the propriety of a college—beg pardon! a *university* paper, aiming at a very high degree of propriety, too, being called "*The Varsity*." If the editor of this paper thinks it a crime to write "you'll" for "you will," we fail to see how he can justify such a breach of propriety as the use

of the vulgar word "Varsity" as a title. With equal propriety might he call his *Alma Mater* the "University" of Toronto as indulge in such "a pervarsity," or attempt to justify it by saying that there is a "divarsity" of opinion on the matter. There is no such word as "Varsity" in the English language, properly so called; it is but a cant term, and we would therefore advise the editor of the paper now using it as a title to drop it, and substitute a good English word in its place. Until he does so he will not be in proper trim to cope with the SCHOLASTIC, nor be able to work up the college papers of Canada and the United States to a proper degree of frenzy to undertake a crusade for its utter extermination. *Verbum sap, etc.* How kind and forgiving in us to "coach" him, after his late mean usage! Perhaps this kindness may touch his heart, and he may become one of our most devoted friends hereafter. We do not much care, though; but it would be a pity the crusade should fail after such pains on his part, and the devoting a whole paragraph in italics to it.

—We regret that we cannot devote as much space this week to the good things in our various college exchanges as they deserve, or that we would wish. The fact is, we have been so much taken up with the antics of *The Varsity* that we have little time for anything else. A few weeks ago the editor of that paper commenced the preaching of a crusade against us, and put a stone in his sling to break our windows. Now he turns his face and sling in another direction, and aims at the *Georgetown College Journal's* windows. The editor of *The Varsity* forgets that he himself lives in a glass house, and although the fragments of glass came rattling round him in his contest with us, he will not learn a lesson from it. While we do not by any means endorse all that the *Georgetown College Journal* says of its exchanges, and least of all its undeserved criticism of our manly friends of *The Princetonian*, we cannot let the spiteful criticism of *The Varsity* pass without comment, as we happen to know that it lies under a misapprehension, on at least one point, namely, that "a padre is always the virtual editor of the *Journal*." Here is *The Varsity* critique, in full:

"The *Georgetown College Journal* objects to the tone of criticism which is generally adopted in regard to exchanges. It wishes not only to 'inaugurate' a reform in this direction but also to 'evolute' the exchange column. The *Journal*, apparently unconscious of a barbarous style, lectures the *Illini* about *sesquipedalia verba*, and the *Princetonian* about discouraging literary efforts. I should like to know what is its conception of a model University or College paper. The probable character of a conception may be conjectured when the fact is revealed, that a padre is always the virtual editor of the *Journal*. The publication announcement contains the names of some students under the title 'Editorial Committee.' In truth, very much editorial! The committee are not allowed to accept a single article without the sanction of its paternal overseer. Before a contribution is inserted, it is read at a meeting of the committee, and votes are then cast for or against its acceptance. A favorable decision, however, is null unless ratified by the benevolent padre. Some years ago, a young friend of mine gave in an article which, of course, did not escape this tortuous process. The writer of it committed himself to the dreadful statement that all knowledge has its source in experience. This was too much for the orthodoxy of the clerical editor. He forthwith, regardless of the confidential nature of unpublished contributions, rushed to the President and delivered the poisonous production into his hands. The latter summoned the unfortunate author to his room and bade him abjure his error or vacate the college precincts. The reprover sounded somewhat like a recital of the statute *De Hæretico Comburendo*, and the reprover might have stood for a seedy Torquemada. A paper so managed and so controlled is not a college organ in the proper sense and, as a cat's-paw for the Faculty, deserves an inglorious extinction."

In former years an American priest—a scholar and a gentleman, Father Sumner of Boston, a cousin of Emerson's—and not a Spanish or Portuguese padre, was the actual editor-in-chief of the *College Journal*, and not its "virtual" editor, as *The Varsity* unblushingly asserts. There was no secrecy as to his connection with the paper, for his name appeared as editor-in-chief, at the head of the editorial page. Last year, however, a radical change took place; Father Sumner withdrew altogether from connection in any capacity with the paper, and the students took entire control of it—to such an extent as to exclude essays from members of the faculty when the former thought proper to send them and the latter thought proper to re-

ject them. A professor at the University of Georgetown informed a friend of ours of the latter fact last vacation, and a gentleman from Notre Dame who visited Georgetown early last year, and saw the exchange editor, Mr. Richard O'Brien, of Erie, Pa., and spoke to him, in the course of the conversation learned that the *Journal* was then altogether in the hands of the students, that it was prospering finely, had over a hundred dollars in the treasury, etc.—all of which goes to prove that the Patriarch of *The Varsity* is lying under a grievous mistake when asserting the contrary. If the *College Journal* "deserves an inglorious extinction" for allowing itself to become "a cat's-paw for the Faculty," as the "Patriarch" says it does, what fate does the journal deserve that deliberately condemns a contemporary to death simply upon prejudice, and publishes falsehoods to the world in regard to it? What fate is "inglorious" enough for such a libeller? College journalism has a noble end in view, and when the organ of a university stoops to such meanness it deserves the contempt everyone possessing a spark of manhood. The editors of of the *Georgetown College Journal* deserve no favor at our hands, for we never received a word of encouragement from them, but for the honor of college journalism we cannot refrain from showing up to public contempt a sheet that so outrages truth and justice in order to gratify its personal spite against them. We are glad that this vile sheet has so far met with little favor from respectable papers; the following criticism from *The University* shows the esteem in which it is held: "The philosophical *'Varsity* is at hand, filled with careful and oil-odored articles, which, for the most part, are foreign to our needs—at least to the needs of our scissors, though it fills a long felt want in the sanctum." When *The Varsity* shows common decency, and pursues a more honorable course, we will be glad to give it the hand of friendship; till then we can but hold it in the sovereign contempt it deserves. Be it well known that we do not object to legitimate criticism; but criticism should be just, and given in a gentlemanly manner, and that of *The Varsity* is neither.

College Gossip.

- The *Echo* reports several cases of measles at Harvard.
- The students at Ann Arbor are donating money to build a gymnasium.
- Illinois College has four Egyptian students.—*University Press*. From Cairo, probably.
- Governor Porter of Indiana is a member of the Beta Theta Pi fraternity.—*University Press*. Yes, and he won the pie, too.
- The students of Cornell University have almost entirely abandoned the practice of smoking.—*Vidette*. In other words the Cornell stove-pipes have begun to "draw."
- There was a small boy with some powder,
And in trying to make it go louder
He succeeded so well
That his friends couldn't tell
His remains from a dish of clam chowder.
- Art Class—Prof.: "What is a landscape painter?" Student: "A painter of landscapes." Prof.: "Good. What is an animal painter?" "A painter of animals." "Excellent. What is a marine painter?" "A painter of marines." "Admirable. Go and tell it to them. Who's next?"

—Scenes from the "Little Tin Gods on Wheels" were performed lately by the Beta Society at Vassar. The only drawback seems to have been that the words were sung so indistinctly as to be scarcely audible. Sung?—then there must have been music—Greek music! Has Vassar anticipated us with a real Greek play?—*Echo*.

—The *Spectator* denies that the project of sending a crew abroad next summer has ever been seriously considered by Columbia. Even if there were no other reasons against such a step, it thinks it would be undignified for Columbia, after having defeated the English in their own waters, to send a challenge, for this should come from the defeated party.

Notre Dame Scholastic.

Notre Dame, December 4, 1880.

The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC has now entered upon the FOURTEENTH year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends that have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

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—Among the many things necessary for our moral and intellectual improvement, none possesses more facilities for advancement than a proper choice of companions. We need not inquire into the past nor wait for the future to corroborate this statement, but content ourselves with an examination of the present for the purpose of ascertaining for ourselves the influence our associates have in moulding our intellectual and moral character. This influence remains not only for the present but must also be felt in the future, when our sphere of action will have been enlarged, when our duties will have become more onerous and binding, and when others will look to us for good example, and when our actions will either censure the wrong doings of others or be made the excuse for their misdemeanors.

If we but make a proper choice of companions, we open for ourselves a great source of valuable information. If their characters are congenial to ours, we delight in their companionship, and either imbibe their ideas or have our own more firmly fixed in our minds. If we associate with vulgar persons, we too will become vulgar. At first we dislike their actions and conversations, but by continued association with them we gradually become hardened like themselves; and not heeding the advice of those who wish to shield us, and with the consciousness of our own degradation, plunge deeper into crime, and endeavor by debauchery to drown that remorse of conscience which we feel on account of our misdeeds. Pope has said:

"Vice is a monster of such frightful mien
As to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

We may take our associations during youth as a criterion from which we may form a correct idea of what our

characters will be when we have grown older. Our conduct at college determines the course of our future lives. If then so much depends upon our companions during youth, we should be very vigilant in this respect, and number among our associates only those who will tend to elevate, encourage and instruct us.

—We have for some time desired to call the attention of the students and Alumni of Notre Dame to a fact that seems to have escaped notice, but which should be well borne in mind, namely, that the SCHOLASTIC does not receive the general support to which the only college paper published here is entitled. It should be a representative paper, but that it is not such is a fact well known to all who have studied here; but few, comparatively, of the best writers among the students contribute to fill its columns, and out of a Faculty of thirty members but three, we believe, show their good will by giving us an occasional contribution. Now this is not as it should be; the paper does not belong to the editors—it is the college paper, the students' paper—and as such it should receive a liberal support, not only from the students, but from the Faculty. All, without exception, should take an interest in it, and should not only contribute their mite to make it readable and spicy, but should also endeavor to extend its circulation. How few think of doing either! We make this appeal not only to the students now here, but to all the old students, to the Faculty, and to all who wish to see the SCHOLASTIC what it should be—a representative college paper, which it now is not. As things go now, a few willing shoulders have to bear the burden; and every spare moment of time, and some that cannot well be spared, is devoted to the weekly filling of its pages. It is an old saying that many hands make light work, and in the present case they would not only lighten the labor of the editors but they would also enable them to do better what they do, and fulfil the axiom *Age quod agis*. In saying this, we do not wish to discourage the magnanimous few who have hitherto helped us to bear the burden of the day, and the heats. Far from it. Their work speaks for itself, and has often called forth warm words of encouragement from the College Press, and other papers. This, we hope, will be a new incentive for their continuance in writing for the SCHOLASTIC. Most of our exchanges have spoken highly of us this year, and many of these have not hesitated to place us in the highest and best ranks of college journalism. This is indeed encouraging; for, young and inexperienced as we are, we cannot but feel a certain, and in this case pardonable, amount of pride in being placed, however undeservingly, on an equality with the oldest and best college papers published. To the editorial corps alone belongs not the credit bestowed by such well-edited and spirited publications as *The Princetonian*, *Amherst Student*, *The University Chronicle*, *College Courier*, *Milton College Journal*, *Vassar Miscellany*, *K. M. I. News*, *C. C. N. Y. Free Press*, and several others, which we do not now remember, but to all the students of the University who have thus far given us a hearty support. With them the editorial corps feel obliged to share the honors; and we ask them to renew their exertions in behalf of the representative of our *Alma Mater*. Some of our exchanges have gone so far as to assert that they can hardly believe that the SCHOLASTIC

is edited by the students of the University, owing to the amount of erudition which they say it contains, and they incline to the belief that it is mainly edited by the Faculty and is not the product of ordinary students. This, of course, is rather flattering for us, and should urge us to increased exertions to make our paper better than it is at present. Some have objected to our type and paper; but we will remedy both, if possible, with the commencement of the second session. Others have said that the only objection they could see in us was that we were not *frothy* enough, *i. e.*, not lively enough—too serious. We, however, do not think this a very grave fault; and are forced to smile (we are not serious then) at the inconsistency of journalistic opinion, when the very same week another exchange accuses us of juvenility; then it is we are forced to exclaim:

O the inconsistency of human hearts,
Which, sending forth capricious darts,
Would now encourage, now fault find;
Deranging, almost, the inventive mind.

Others, or rather another, takes exception to our publishing Rolls of Honor, Class Honors, Lists of Excellence, etc.; we have given laudable reasons and incontrovertible arguments for so doing, in our exchange columns, and do not propose to waste further time or paper in this connection. But more to the point. Though, as we said before, we have thus far been very liberally supported by many of the students in both the Junior and Senior departments, still we are not satisfied; for we are well aware of the intellectual standing of many who are well able to do so, but as yet have contributed nothing to these columns. Now it is our purpose, by pointing out to these young gentlemen a few of the many advantages to be derived from writing for the paper, to show them the golden chances for intellectual improvement and advancement that they are allowing to slip through their fingers by not availing themselves of the opportunity now offered them for improvement in written discourse. That you are benefitted intellectually by writing for a paper or magazine (we here speak of such as have a good moral tone) is made evident from the fact that there was a time when many of our most distinguished and most successful journalists, like yourselves, commenced—wrote their first article. Each successive article was written more readily and in better style, until, in a few years, they who were once but beginners became giants in the journalistic arena. It is a well known fact that Oliver Wendell Holmes's productions first saw the public light in the columns of *The Collegian*, the college paper at Harvard, about the year 1800.

We often hear such absurd expressions as "I can talk well enough, but cannot write;" "I find no difficulty in standing before an audience and speaking extemporaneously for half an hour, or more, but I cannot write." These, and like expressions, emanate from individuals who would be vindictive enough to retaliate in terms rather uncomplimentary if you were to tell them that they were mistaken. And yet they are. It is a fact the most palpable that a man cannot speak a word before it passes through his intellect—he must first think of the word he is about to utter. Now is there anyone, that can use a pen foolish enough to assert that he cannot place before him on paper the word upon which he is ruminating? We would like to form the acquaintance of such a man. We would, if we found such a person, give our most unflinching support to the Darwinian theory—at least, as far as such an individual would be concerned. No, it is not the case.

Such people only *think* they cannot write. They *can*, but *will* not; there's where the difficulty lies. Are not our most distinguished statesmen and orators good writers? Has it not ever been thus? There is indeed some truth in saying that a good writer may be a poor speaker. There are many reasons for this, which we will not attempt to enumerate here. Suffice it to say, that we know it to be the case. Who would have known aught of Shakespeare, Milton, Virgil, Homer, Chaucer, Spencer, Poe, Pope, Goldsmith, Cowper, and hosts of others, did not they render their names immortal by their writings? Their names would be like thousands of others—who, perhaps, might have become as illustrious, had they but employed the same means—forgotten. Many, besides immortalizing their names, have also made princely fortunes through the instrumentality of their pen.

It was but a few weeks ago that Lord Beaconsfield of England received the handsome sum of \$50,000 for a single production, a novel entitled "Endymion." Yet had he not at some time or other made a start—commenced to write, "Endymion" would undoubtedly never have been produced. Milton, the literary king of the 17th century, who in point of erudition, invention and sublimity, is without an equal in the whole range of English literature, and who said that he "cared not how late he came into, only that he came fit" was at one time a beginner. Sir Thomas More, "who," says Thomson,

"Withstood a brutal tyrant's useful rage,
Like Cato firm, like Aristides just,
Like rigid Cincinnatus nobly poor—
A dauntless soul, erect, who smiled on death,"

was also a novice in the art, and so we can also say of the greatest literary geniuses that ever lived. But we need not necessarily refer to Milton or More as examples; we know a great many good, yes brilliant, writers in the United States to-day, who began to write right here at Notre Dame, and whose first articles were published in THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC—that same paper for which we now ask you to write. Do not wait for us to ask you individually, for we now extend all a most cordial invitation to write as frequently as possible. Some will, undoubtedly, say that they have no time to devote to writing articles. But let us see: could you not set aside an hour or two every week for this purpose? Twenty minutes a day would make about two hours a week, and we are positive that there is not a student at the University who cannot spare that much time every week. If you would not wish to commence at once by writing long essays, send us something for the local and personal columns. If your first communications are not published, be not discouraged. Persevere; you will at length be successful.

The Academia is ever ready to extend her literary arms and fold to her bosom in a fond embrace those who show themselves willing and capable of assisting her. We hope that ere this month, hallowed by the birth of the Saviour of the world, shall have drawn to a close, the Academic's rank will have been numerically increased. Many say that they would write could they but find a suitable subject. To such we say, look around, take cognizance of the many interesting occurrences in the yards, class-rooms, study-halls, society-rooms, recreation-halls, music-halls, etc., etc., and you will never be in need of a subject for your pen. Take but the initiatory step, and you will find that the time thus spent will be both agreeable and beneficial.

Personal.

- C. McGrath, '78, is residing in Chicago, Ill.
- Frank Kelly, '78, is keeping books at Norwalk, Ohio.
- Prof. A. J. Stace, '64, is visiting friends in St. Louis.
- Samuel Welty, '78, is attending school at Wheeling, Mo.
- Frank McGrath is attending school at Fordham, New York.
- Denis Hogan, '73, accompanied by his wife, is visiting Ireland.
- W. T. Ball, '77, has charge of his father's business in Chicago.
- W. Carqueville (Prep, '77,) is attending school in Chicago.
- H. C. Allan, '67, has been elected County Surveyor at Clinton, Missouri.
- A. J. Burger, '79, is attending the Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, Pa.
- Jas. Delaney, '79, is book-keeper for one of the prominent business houses, at Spalding, Mich.
- S. Studebaker, '75, is giving his attention to agriculture on his model farm near South Bend.
- John Kinney, '79, we learn, is at home, assisting his brother in the prosecution of their father's business.
- Rev. J. A. Coghlin, of Nashville, Tenn., spent Thursday at the University, visiting many of his old friends.
- John Boehm, '77, is in partnership with his uncle in the flour business, and, from all reports, is doing exceedingly well.
- Mrs. J. J. McGrath, Chicago, was here for a few days, visiting her son, Master J. J. McGrath, of the Minim Department.
- John and Sydney Stubbs (Commercial, '62,) are prospecting for silver mines near Silver Cliff, the great mining camp of Colorado.
- M. D. Falvey, of Winamac, Indiana, (Commercial, '79-80,) was married Tuesday, Nov. 23d, to Miss Annie McLoughlin, San Pierre, Indiana.
- James McCormack, '67, is book-keeper in the firm of Gordon & Company, Broad street, Nashville Tenn. He is the happy father of two of the finest children in the State.
- We had the pleasure of a call this week from Mr. Augustus Erb, of Mishawaka, the artist who designed and made the sanctuary railing in the new Church, and the altar and other wood-work in the Chapel at St. Mary's Academy. Mr. Erb is a finished artist in his line. The ladies at St. Mary's have paid high eulogiums to his work, and say it is equal to any that is to be seen in the great churches of Europe.
- The following is a list of our visitors for the past two weeks: Mrs. C. C. Henry, L. Hickey, M. E. Buckner, Mrs. H. Stanfield, Mrs. M. B. Staley and H. C. Edwards, South Bend; Mrs. M. A. Mathewson, New Berlin, N. Y.; J. G. Mathewson, Rochester, Minn.; Misses J. and E. Uion, Paris, France; Misses S. and E. Papin, St. Louis, Mo.; Rev. Fathers Meurer and Kern, C. SS. R., St. Louis, Mo.; Mr. Metz, and lady, Miss M. O'Connor, Miss Walsh, M. R. Leyden, J. Rea, Mrs. J. Rea, Mrs. J. J. McGrath and Miss N. McGrath, Chicago, Ill.; R. D. Suter and lady, Harrisonburgh, Va.; J. Harrington, Rochester, N. Y.; Misses G. Flynn and C. Williams, Messrs. A. W. Morrell and D. Crowley, Niles, Mich.; B. C. and Miss A. Price, Richmond, Ind.; Messrs. F. Walsh, A. Mundell, H. Lawler and F. Rogers, Jackson, Mich.; Mrs. Hennebury, Peoria, Ill.; C. A. Chamberlain, lady, and Miss E. Chamberlain, Athol, Mass.; Mr. H. C. Booth and lady, Hawley, Minn.; O. T. Curtis and lady, Oregon, Mo.; V. B. Smith, Ligonier, Ind.; H. A. Smith, Greenville, Mich.; Miss M. Keeney, Ida Muller and J. H. Keeney, Crawfordsville, Ind.; W. Hanson, Edwardsburg, Mich.; J. F. Bower, Watsonburg, Penn.; S. A. Bruner, St. Augustine, Ind.; F. Young, Macon, Mo.; and A. Nutton of the *Luxemburger Gazette*, Dubuque, Iowa.

Local Items.

- "Gov'ner in, hey?"
- "The tale's daisy."
- "No tariff on apple sauce."
- The new press works like a charm.
- Guy feels proud of that fine fur cap.
- The "aquarium" is a thing that was.
- Look out for the "Corporal's" new novel!
- To-day three weeks will be Christmas Day.
- Just listen to him sigh when addressing you.
- The thermometer showed 20° at noon, Monday.
- The Minims spent Tuesday afternoon in skating.
- Bulletins were made out on Wednesday morning.
- The thermometer registered 10° Tuesday morning.
- Bro. Albert, C. S. C., has our thanks for favors received.
- "Fearless" called to see us on Wednesday afternoon.
- The Cecilians will soon commence rehearsing for the 14th.
- Master Snee is the best gymnast in the Minim Department.
- The Academia held its regular meeting on Wednesday evening.
- The Philodemics held their regular meeting Tuesday evening.
- Bro. Ireneus has our thanks for a couple of first-class Havanas.
- Six inches more of snow would give us excellent sleighing.
- The University Quartette played sweetly on Thanksgiving eve.
- C. Droste is said to be the best "glider" in the Minim Department.
- Why do the Minims resemble France? Because they have a Metz.
- St. Joseph's Lake is at last frozen over. Ice about six inches thick.
- Classes will continue until the evening of the 22d. Don't forget it.
- Start's Brass Band will soon commence their winter evening concerts.
- The "Turkish Reveille" is being rehearsed by the N. D. U. Cornet Band.
- The organ in Cecilia Hall has at last been tuned and repaired. *Grande opus!*
- Why do the Seniors resemble a captured fort? Because they have lost their Cannon.
- The *Rorate Caeli* was well sung by Rev. A. Kirsch at Vespers on Sunday afternoon.
- Addressing letters to two or three post-offices is a good way—to have them lost.
- Rev. Father Shea, C. S. C., called to see us on Monday last. He is looking first class.
- Masters Gordon and Cleary were the head-servers at the High Mass on Sunday last.
- We hope to hear Prof. Paul play the large organ at High Mass and Vespers to-morrow.
- Sancho and Neptune went across the lake to see their old friend Pluto. They got the G. B.
- Wanted—Two hundred young men to write for the SCHOLASTIC. Don't all apply at once.
- A bicycle curriculum for the winter has been established in the Preparatory Department.
- Several members of the staff were gliding over the smooth surface of the ice on Thursday last.
- A large and substantial ice-house is in process of erection on the south bank of St. Joseph's Lake.
- The mural paintings in the Senior refectory are simply grand. Prof. Ackerman is the inimitable artist.
- Prof. Nittel, of the Berlin University, addressed the

members of the first German Class, Saturday afternoon.

—The custom of adding P. O. to the name of a post-office is more than useless. It is a relic of bygone times.

—Master G. Woodson, Preparatory Department, has the boss winter cap. It came all the way from Wyoming Ter.

—We are happy to state that Master F. Grever, who has been indisposed for the past few days, is himself once more.

—O. Rettig, Senior Department, has about thirty rabbit traps set in spots most frequented by these little quadrupeds.

—We understand that a few of the "Jokers" did not like some of last week's locals. Send us in better ones, will you?

—"Let's have peace," said a certain Junior to Bro. Thomas; but Bro T. would not—he knew the Junior meant pie.

—That "big" little Minim, Fred Farrelly, of Chicago, signalized himself in getting off mail at the printing-office this week.

—Our little friend Master G. Tourtillotte, Minim Department, has laid away his bicycle for the winter. He says it needs a rest.

—Very Rev. President Corby was present at the installation ceremonies of Archbishop Feehan, of Chicago, on Sunday last.

—Charley has the epizooty. We don't mean Charley Rietz of the Preps, but old Charley, the fast horse at the livery stable.

—Those who are interested in receiving mail matter at the Notre Dame Post-Office should have it addressed Notre Dame, Indiana.

—You will always meet with people who can edit a paper better than the editor. We generally give such people a wide berth.

—A key was taken from the Prefect's room on last Sunday evening. Will the person who took it be kind enough to return the same?

—Prof. T. E. Howard delivered a most interesting lecture on "History," Thursday last, an account of which will appear in our next.

—There are not, we think, a healthier or happier lot of boys in the State of Indiana than those of the Minim Department at Notre Dame.

—Bro. Bonaventure, the mail agent between Notre Dame and South Bend, finds his ride a rather chilly and disagreeable one during this cold spell.

—Every boy among the Preps can tell you just how many days intervene between to-day and Christmas. They've been counting up, you know.

—It is not often one sees a Coon (Kuhn) chase a rabbit, but such a thing was seen on the College lawn last Wednesday, after breakfast, by the Seniors.

—Master Fischel, of the Minim Department, received a large box of "goodies" from home on Wednesday last. He has our thanks for samples of the same.

—Several fine specimens of the finny tribe have been angled out of the St. Joe Lake during the past week. Excellent fishing from both lakes is reported.

—Tuesday being the anniversary of Very Rev. Father General's first Mass at Notre Dame, the Minims—his favorites—were given a half-day's recreation.

—Bro. Eubaldus, the engineer and steam regulator at Mt. St. Vincent's steam-house, is very attentive, and tries to keep everyone comfortable these cold days.

—To-morrow, the second Sunday of Advent, *Missa Parvulorum*, page 38 of the Kyriale, will be sung. Vespers, of a Confessor Bishop, page 48 of the Vesperal.

—O. Rettig has at last succeeded in capturing several fine rabbits. He intends letting them be fired at by our Nimrods. He knows they will remain uninjured.

—They have a machinist "boring" the piston-cylinder of the printing-office engine. We wish all the rest of the professional "bores" could find similar employment.

—We will not publish Society reports which do not

reach us by Thursday noon at the latest. Let the secretaries of the different organizations take a note of this.

—We are sorry to say that the Rev. Professor of Natural Sciences met with a painful accident last week. While out for a "glide" on St. Mary's Lake, he fell and sprained his arm.

—The Guardian Angels of the Sanctuary received Holy Communion in a body on Tuesday morning, the 38th anniversary of Very Rev. Father General's first Mass at Notre Dame.

—The favorite amusements among the members of the Senior Department are hand-ball and skating. The bicyclists of that department have placed their "ponies" in winter quarters.

—Why not reorganize the German Association which existed and flourished here a few years ago? We are sure that it would be appreciated and well supported by the German students of the University.

—Our young and esteemed friend Master C. McGrath, of Chicago, was here during the past week, visiting his brother J. J. McGrath, of the Minim Department. We are sorry that he could remain with us for a few days only.

—Our friend John says that the red light was conspicuous for its absence at the Euglossians' Entertainment, and wishes to know why a red glare was not thrown over that scuffling scene. Please consult Professor Lyons.

—Junior: "No more apples, no more grapes,
No more getting into scrapes,
No more [sees Prefect]—well, I'll not now mention,
For fear I might get a detention."

—Last Sunday, the first in Advent, Solemn High Mass was sung by Rev. Father Hudson, with Vice-President Walsh and Rev. Father Hendrick as assistants. After the Gospel, Rev. P. Kollop preached a stirring sermon on the "Last Judgment."

—Bro. Moses keeps a large collection of beautiful house-plants in each of the lavatories, which give these places a bright and cheery appearance. The odor which greets one's olfactory on entering any of the lavatories is really exhilarating and delightful.

—Miss Clara Silverthorn, a graduate of St. Mary's Academy, was married, on Thursday evening, at the home of her parents, Dr. and Mrs. L. L. Silverthorn, of Charleston, Ill., to Mr. Percy Palmer of Chicago. Very appropriately, Very Rev. Father Corby, President of Notre Dame, officiated.—*South-Bend Register*.

—At Vice-President Walsh's last visit to the Minim Department the examined the Arithmetic Classes. Among those who deserve special mention are M. W. Olds, W. Berthelet, A. J. Van Mourick, F. Fishel, F. Moroney, J. A. Kelly, H. Metz, J. Frain, A. A. Molander and A. Chirhart of the second, and J. H. Dwenger, F. B. Farrelly, W. Miller and L. Young of the third class.

—The third regular meeting of the Senior Archconfraternity was held Nov. 28th, at which meeting Rev. Fathers Granger, Stoffel, and Walsh were present. The fifteen minutes instruction was given by Father Granger. Papers were read by F. Kuhn and F. Cavanaugh. The following were appointed to answer questions at our next meeting: J. A. Zehm, F. Bloom, D. Harrington.

—The 8th regular meeting of the St. Stanislaus Philopatrian Society took place Nov. 28th. Recitations were given by L. Gibert, A. Rohrbach, H. Dunn, J. Whelan, A. Browne, A. Mendel, G. O'Kane, E. Cullinaue, J. Flynn, E. Munce, G. Woodson, H. Devitt, F. Wheatly, A. Schmil, G. Schaefer, M. Herrick and J. Wilder. A debate then took place, and the exercises closed with singing.

—When you send in local news,
Boil it down, boil it down!
For the "Eds" might get the "blues,"
Boil it down, boil it down!
And begin to cuss and swear,
Then in anger tear their hair,
And at you in frenzy stare.
Boil it down, boil it down.

—Some one is cruel enough to assert that the Nimrods who went in quest of rabbits on Wednesday morning and returned in triumph at a few minutes after twelve o'clock with several specimens of this rodent mammal, visited the

traps recently set by Rettig and Manning. Judging from the fact that the majority of the ducks, a few tame ones excepted, which were seen on our lakes during the past two months, were allowed "unscathed to go," we are more or less inclined to give credence to the assertion.

—The following, which we clip from the *Austin (Texas) Daily Statesman*, will undoubtedly be of interest to the many friends of Rev. Father Spillard, C. S. C. ('64): "At Quebec a priest named De Graspe has fallen heir to \$1,000,000 through the death of an aunt in England. When such good luck as this befalls Father Spillard, of Austin, one of the grandest educational structures ever raised in any country will rise above the heights of the south side of the Colorado, and yet this may be secured by good ministrations in spite of the absence of any legacy."

—Many of the students, not being satisfied with a whole day's skating twice a week, and sometimes oftener, when extra recreations are given, spend their afternoon and evening rec. hours on the ice. We are happy to note this, and being ourselves lovers of the sport, we think that every encouragement should be given the students in this respect. It affords exercise to the body, and a healthy refreshment to the mind. "Pull away" seems to be the favorite pastime of the "gliders," and should be participated in by all, as it is one of the best means of becoming fast skaters.

—The 11th regular meeting of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association took place Nov. 27th. At this meeting J. Morgan gave a very nice sketch of the life of James Monroe and the Monroe Doctrine. G. Silvermann gave an account of the Rothschilds of England, and J. Homan read a well-written essay on the Life and Writings of Cardinal Wiseman. "The Dying Alchemist" was well declaimed by E. Orrick. A selection from Campbell was given by C. Brinkman. Jos. O'Neill delivered the "Dying Gladiator." A lively debate on "Inventions" took place between Masters E. Orrick and J. O'Neill. Public readers for this week are as follows: F. Quinn, J. J. O'Neill, C. McDermott, N. Ewing, N. Nelson, J. G. Gordon, E. Orrick, A. Coghlin.

—The Glee Club, spoken of in last week's SCHOLASTIC, have taken exceptions to the report of their last week's meeting, and send us the following:

MR. EDITOR:—We, the undersigned, do most respectfully ask you to correct that report of the Glee Club's rehearsal which appeared in your last issue. Your reporter says that the leader beat time too loud. Now this is not the case. Our leader did not beat time too loud, but rather too hard. We desire you to state that we have a penny-whistle awaiting the appearance of the reporter of our last rehearsal.

Respectfully yours,

JAMES MAHER, Soprano.

A. FLINN, Alto.

JAMES BENNET, Bass.

—Very Rev. Father Sorin has the cordial thanks of the Director of the Art Department for a collection of well-selected and beautiful models of the most artistic and useful designs, purchased by him in Paris during his last visit to Europe, and which were lately brought over by Rev. Father Mariné, C. S. C. The collection consists of studies of the human figure, modern and antique; elementary studies in landscapes and figures; architectural ornaments of great variety, especially designs of capitals and of columns; taken from the principal churches and palaces of Europe, embracing all the orders of architecture, and fine assortments for architectural and mechanical drawing. Now is the time for students to study artistic drawing, and thereby develop their perceptive faculties, and cultivate a love for the beautiful in nature and in art.

—We visited the Studio the other day and were surprised at the number of specimens executed by the Artistic Drawing Class since the beginning of the session. Our surprise was the greater as the majority of the young artists are mere beginners. Among the Seniors, E. E. Piper has two well finished drawings of crayon heads from the antique, representing Paris and Apollo. Mr. Piper is about to begin a course of studies from the "Round" as a preparation to sketching from nature. Benjamin F. Smith, whose forte is figure drawing, in which he excels, exhibits a life-size crayon head representing "Admiration." Mr.

Smith is in his second year as an art student, having studied here in '75. Among the Juniors, Eugene C. Orrick has just finished a course of solid object drawing; and is now giving his attention to blending and shading in India Ink and Sepia. H. P. Dunn exhibits three remarkably good specimens of figure and landscape, and is now engaged on a face of Jupiter from the antique. Messrs. A. M. Coghlin, A. Rohrbach, G. Schaefer, and W. Hetz are making marked progress, and each exhibits one or more good specimens in his respective branches. Frank Cantwell, E. Jacobs, and E. Munce have not followed the study sufficiently long to develop a talent for any particular branch of the art. Bro. Albert is to be complimented on the marked success of his pupils.

—A brother-in-law of Dr. Cassidy's, writing from Sitka, gives the following account of a terrific storm which occurred there recently: "On the 26th inst., one of the most terrible storms occurred, the like of which, no doubt, was never seen on the Pacific coast before; the wind, which came from the S. S. E., blew with such violence as to drive the Jamestown, with six huge anchors, almost ashore; the only thing—humanly speaking—that saved us from utter destruction being the fouling of the weather anchors just in the nick of time. The seas, driven by the violence of the wind, came thundering in, sounding like the discharge of heavy artillery; and to add to our terror and consternation; at 1:30 p. m., there came a terrific shock of earthquake which almost caused us to think that the Judgment Day had come. The people of Sitka deserted their houses and ran into the streets, asking God to have mercy on them. A great number of houses, were shaken down and several persons hurt, but none fatally. The Indians,—not knowing what to make of it—ran crying through the streets, asking what made the white man's Tyee (God) angry. The second shock came at 1:45 p. m., and several slighter ones during the night, and a very severe one at 5 o'clock next morning, which awoke me from a sound sleep caused by the previous day's exertion; the last one came at 9:10 p. m., same day, which was the severest of all, and caused me to get up and fly from the ship for safety. (I was always a good runner.) The sensation it gives causes a person, for a moment, to be speechless with fear and terror; but as soon as one recovers his senses, he, somehow or other, wants to make tracks, but just where to go puzzles him.

—Prof. Lyons was under the impression that a Thanksgiving Entertainment was necessary to make our "cup of joy overflow" to the tune of five declamations and two overtures from the University Quartette, on Thursday evening. The affair took place in the Senior study-hall, where we had the pleasure of listening to "Davis's Fontenoy," by J. P. O'Neill, who is fast becoming a brilliant elocutionary star, and who, on this occasion, simply surpassed himself. O'Neill has a charming and graceful delivery, and bids fair to become a formidable rival to Hagan, Tinley, Orrick, and others, for the gold medal in elocution. Orrick's appeal in behalf of the suffering poor in Ireland was one which met with the hearty approbation of all present. Garrity was as graceful as the most polished and refined French courtier in his delivery of "The Lost Ship." A medley of the most popular airs was most enchantingly executed on the piano by Prof. Paul, whose ability as a musician is well-known by all at Notre Dame. Solon's "Irish Disturbance Bill" (O'Connell) was most admirably rendered, and applauded to the echo. J. P. Hagan of the SCHOLASTIC, gave us "The Death of Benedict Arnold." It is unnecessary for us to say that Mr. Hagan declaimed well; all at Notre Dame are willing to concede his great ability in declamation. The University Quartette our favorite musical organization, played two overtures in a most perfect and charming manner. We derived great pleasure from being present; and in saying this we know that we but re-echo the sentiments of all those who were present. Among the audience were Vice-President Walsh, Rev. Father O'Keefe, Bros. Leander, Ireneus, Albert and several other members of the Faculty.

—Our young friend Master Walter Cannon when coming from town a few days ago looked very much excited. Being asked what was the news from South Bend, he answered, with apparent feelings of deepest emotion: "Oh, misery of miseries! such an awful catastrophe—it makes me

shudder from head to foot to think of it! "What was it? what was it?" cried the listeners. "I was standing at the depot," said W. D., "when the six o'clock express was coming down with lightning speed, running against time; and there I saw—horror of horrors! about ten yards from the depot, an interesting, curly-headed, six-year-old boy playing with his poodle dog on the track, apparently quite unconscious of the direful fate awaiting himself and his beautiful pet. The engineer whistled "Down brakes," the fireman rang his bell, and all the people cried out with one voice: "Clear the track! clear the track, Johnny!" But he never moved an inch. It was the six o'clock lightning express 30 minutes behind time, and the engineer blew his whistle, and—"Oh hang the engineer and his whistle! you told us that before." "Of course I had to tell it before, because it happened before the engineer reined in his steaming, panting, fiery horse in front of the depot." "What became of the boy? what became of that lovely boy, we want to know?" "That boy was on the other track all the time without our knowing it; and when the "engine" passed, he rushed like a sunbeam into his fainting mother's arms radiant with smiles and blushes." His audience finding themselves completely hoaxed, resolved themselves into a snow-ball manufacturing committee, sending their manipulations thick and fast after W. D.'s devoted head as it darted towards the distant horizon.

—The 30th of November, the Feast of St Andrew, Apostle, on which Very Rev. Father Sorin, Superior-General of the Congregation of Holy the Cross, celebrated the thirty-eighth anniversary of his first Mass at Notre Dame, was a memorable day, and one of rejoicing for the whole Institution. The members of the SORIN LITERARY AND DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION commemorated the happy event by assisting at Mass and receiving Holy Communion, which they offered for their august patron. At 10 o'clock, they invited him to their hall, where Master C. C. Echlin, assisted by Masters J. H. Dwenger and J. C. Chaves, presented him a congratulatory address, that beautifully expressed the esteem and affection which the Sorins entertain for their illustrious namesake. Rev. Father Mariné, C. S. C., Provincial of New Orleans, who had just returned from Paris, was present, and on being called on by Very Rev. Father General to reply to the address, declined, saying that no one's speech would be so pleasing to the Sorinites as that of their beloved patron. Father General then arose, and addressed the members in that gracious, happy manner so natural to him. In referring to his early days at Notre Dame, he astonished the Sorins by telling them of his feats at plowing, mowing, etc. It seemed so strange to think that such a distinguished personage as Father General once followed a yoke of oxen. But then they all know that he was one of the first at the time of the fire to handle the burning bricks and remove them in order to clear the way for the foundation of the new Notre Dame. We are not surprised that, with such a head as Father General, Notre Dame is what it is; for his courage, energy and faith with God's assistance, are able to effect wonders, and with that same divine help he will do more for Notre Dame. His eye is still bright and far-seeing, his step is active, his arm vigorous, and his excellent constitution such as to give hope that God will bless the Congregation with his advice and experience for many years to come.

—On Wednesday, Nov., 24th, fifty Seniors went on an excursion to Niles, a car being chartered for the occasion. We boarded the train at St. Mary's crossing, and were soon seated in a Michigan Central coach. As the train left the station, all united in giving the College cheer. The "Corporal" began to sing, and all joined in the chorus. When passing Bertrand a rush was made to the windows to get a view of the city. After much craning of necks and straining of eyes we discovered that famous city, immortalized by the writings of our friend S., in "The Burning of Bertrand." It is nestled in a quiet little valley. Having satisfied our curiosity, we resumed our seats and beguiled the time with conversation and song until the train reached Niles. The boys proceeded at once to "Pike's Hotel" and made anxious inquiries concerning dinner, and at what time we could meet at the festive board to store away the good things that could be prepared for us by the jovial host. Two hours yet remained

before the general demolition would take place; so we started forth to view the city, see the sights, and look up old friends. The "Corporal" was the first to leave. With giant strides he went forth in search of a long-lost and dear friend. When last we saw him, he was standing on a retired street, gazing with anxious, longing looks at a house opposite. At 12 o'clock we again assembled at the hotel, and were soon seated at well-set and bountifully supplied tables. But the "Corporal" was missing, and a committee was being appointed to go in search of him when the door was darkened by his slender form. A look of sadness was upon his face, his eyes were red with recent weeping, but he soon forgot his disappointments in the pleasure of the festive board. To say that we enjoyed and did justice to the sumptuous repast would be superfluous. Having satisfied the inner man, toasts were in order. Mr. Harrington responded to "Our Country," and in an appropriate speech portrayed the glory, prosperity and freedom of America. He was followed by Mr. J. P. Hagan on "Our Defeat"—who, in a few well-chosen words, smoothed over the late Democratic defeat, and expressed hopes for '84. Mr. Van Dusen answered him by responding to "Our Victory," and expressed confidence in the incoming administration and in the prosperity of America. Mr. Kavanagh spoke on "Thanksgiving"; he was followed by Messrs. Bloom, Noonan and Jones, who sustained their former reputation by a few felicitous remarks, after which we retired from the dining room, and remained in and about the hotel. Then some procured sleighs, and spent the afternoon in riding about the city; while others visited the places of interest, and were fortunate enough to meet F. X. Claffey, '76, and Jos. Skelley, '72. At 4:30 all were assembled at the depot and boarded the down train reaching Notre Dame at 5:30 p. m. The excursion was a pleasant affair, and enjoyed by all. We were well pleased with the hospitality shown by the proprietor of "Pike's Hotel," and with the courtesy extended us by the Michigan Central employees. The committee deserve special praise for their excellent arrangements, and Bro. Ireneus has shown himself to be an expert in the management of such affairs.

Roll of Honor.

[The following are the names of those students who during the past week have, by their exemplary conduct, given satisfaction to all the members of the Faculty.]

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

W. B. McGorrick, T. Kavanagh, J. L. Noonan, J. Solon, Geo. Clarke, E. J. Taggart, J. Casey, B. Casey, L. E. Clements, E. A. Otis, J. N. Osher, H. S. O'Donnell, F. C. Smith, W. J. Brown, J. F. Brown, J. C. Newman, F. E. Kuhn, A. Kory, J. D. Delaney, A. Zahm, W. J. McCarthy, F. J. Rettig, W. J. Kelly, W. R. Young, G. L. Hagan, H. A. Steiz, J. M. Falvey, C. H. Thiele, J. A. McNamara, Thos. Byrne, R. Le Bourgeois, L. Mathers, J. P. Hagan, J. O'Reilly, H. C. Simms, E. W. McGorrick, F. J. Garrity, S. P. Terry, F. Ward, E. E. Piper, B. F. Smith, D. Ryan, W. Schofield, D. R. Phelps, D. A. Harrington, J. J. McErlain, G. L. Tracy, J. J. Malone, F. Godfroy, C. B. Van Dusen, L. M. Proctor, W. Johnson, B. Eaton, J. Redmond, R. C. Adams, W. Arnold, R. M. Anderson, W. Hoffman.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

A. A. Brown, J. H. Bennett, F. A. Boone, C. J. Brinkman, M. G. Butler, V. G. Butler, J. H. Burns, A. Bodine, W. H. Barron, G. Castaneda, J. Casey, W. Cannon, A. Coghlin, J. Courtney, W. H. Cavanaugh, W. S. Cleary, H. P. Dunn, A. C. Dick, J. W. Devitt, A. J. Dennis, N. H. Ewing, T. F. Flynn, J. M. Flynn, J. M. Farrell, J. H. Fendrick, R. E. Fleming, Ed. Fischel, J. Fredman, J. J. Gordon, E. F. Gall, A. A. Gall, F. H. Grever, H. P. Hake, T. J. Hurley, A. J. Hintze, J. T. Homan, G. J. Haslam, F. R. Johnson, A. Jackson, P. A. Joyce, T. H. Kengel, F. A. Kleine, J. M. Kelly, F. A. Krone, Sam. Livingston, A. Mende, F. McPhillips, J. L. Morgan, E. A. Munce, C. J. McDermott, C. M. Murdock, S. T. Murdock, J. F. Martin, J. S. McGrath, A. S. Manning, H. W. Morse, J. P. McClarnon, N. J. Nelson, E. C. Orrick, G. F. O'Kane, J. P. O'Neill, L. L. O'Donnell, C. F. Perry, F. A. Quinn, G. J. Rhodius, C. F. Rose, H. L. Rose, C. F. Rietz, J. Ruppe, A. C. Schmil, E. E. Smith, J. J. Smith, G. Schäfer, J. W. Start, J. M. Scanlan, G. A. Truschel, C. A. Tinley, J. C. Wommer, F. J. Woerber, Guy Woodson, J. W. Whalen, W. T. Weney, F. J. Prenatt, E.

M. Prenatt, D. G. Paul, P. Haney, Bertie Zekind, F. J. Cantwell, J. W. Guthrie.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

C. C. Echlin, C. E. Droste, E. Howard, J. Courtney, G. E. Tourtillotte, J. Kelly, H. Kitz, H. C. Snee, A. G. Molander, W. T. Berthelet, A. H. Chirhart, J. W. Frain, D. G. Taylor, F. Fischel, W. Taylor, F. M. Moroney, D. O'Conner, H. J. Ackerman, C. Metz, J. E. Chaves, E. S. Chirhart, J. Ruppe, A. B. Bender, W. Rea, L. J. Young, J. H. Dwenger, J. McGrath, E. McGrath, E. B. Baggard, M. Devitt.

Class Honors.

[In the following list are given the names of those who have given entire satisfaction in all their classes during the month past.]

COURSE OF MODERN LANGUAGES, FINE ARTS, AND SPECIAL BRANCHES.

W. Gray, R. E. Fleming, R. Le Bourgeois, G. Castanedo, L. Gibert, R. Anderson, H. Rose, C. Rose, J. Courtney, A. Gall, F. H. Grever, C. F. Rietz, F. A. Kleine, H. P. Hake, W. Hetz, B. Zekind, J. Ruppe, T. Hurley, G. De Haven, G. Woodson, E. Fischel, J. McGrath, A. Flynn, M. Herrick, H. Sells, C. Perry, L. O'Donnell, J. Martin, G. O'Kane, N. Nelson, F. Kuhn, E. Gall, G. Truschel, A. Schmil, F. Kengel, G. Silverman, A. Dick, F. Woher, F. Dorsel, J. T. Maher, F. Johnson, J. H. Fendrick, J. Morgan, C. McDermott, E. Taggart, E. Otis, B. Pollock, A. Miller, E. Jacobs, W. Barron, J. Homan, H. Dunn, A. Rohrbach, G. Schaefer, E. Piper, F. Smith, W. Brown, E. Sugg, G. Sugg, H. Simms, W. McGorrick, A. Weisbeart, R. Parrett, F. Baker, C. Bennett, A. Moran, T. Byrne, J. Guthrie, E. Munce, W. Hoffman, A. Thornton, J. Gordon, J. McIntyre, C. Murdock, D. Phelps, J. Marlett.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

D. G. Taylor, C. E. Droste, C. C. Echlin, H. C. Snee, J. S. Courtney, G. E. Tourtillotte, H. A. Kitz, A. J. Van Mourick, H. Metz, W. F. Hanavin, W. M. Olds, E. A. Howard, F. Fischel, F. M. Moroney, J. A. Kelly, H. J. Ackerman, E. S. Chirhart, M. Devitt, D. O'Connor, W. Taylor, J. W. Frain, W. T. Berthelet, A. Chirhart, T. McGrath, J. J. McGrath, J. Haslam, J. Dwenger, E. Baggard, J. Ruppe, A. B. Bender, J. R. Bender, C. Metz, L. J. Young, W. J. Miller, J. E. Chaves, J. McGrath, W. Rea.

List of Excellence.

[The students mentioned in this list are those who have been the best in the classes of the course named—according to the competitions, which are held monthly—DIRECTOR OF STUDIES.]

COURSE OF MODERN LANGUAGES, FINE ARTS, AND SPECIAL BRANCHES.

French—W. Gray, R. Le Bourgeois; German—F. Kengel, F. Grever, H. Rose, E. Fischel, J. Ruppe, H. Sells, J. Courtney, Fred. Kleine, A. Schmil, C. Rietz, F. Kengel; Elocution—P. J. Hagan, C. Hagan, J. Solon, A. Zahm, G. Tracy, E. Orrick, C. Tinley, W. J. McCarthy, J. O'Neill, C. J. Brinkman, W. G. Jones, J. W. Guthrie; Telegraphy—J. R. Marlett, S. P. Terry, A. Rhorback, C. Bennett, F. Dever, G. Rhodius; Drawing—E. Piper, E. Orrick, B. F. Smith; Music—J. T. Maher, F. Wheatley, R. E. O'Connor, J. F. Martin, G. Truschel, W. Hoffman, C. Rietz, J. Homan.

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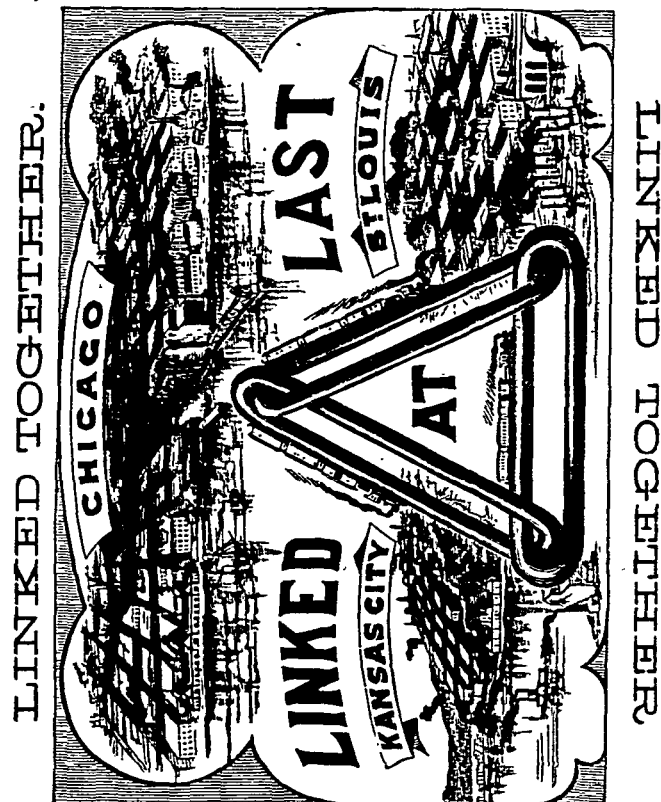
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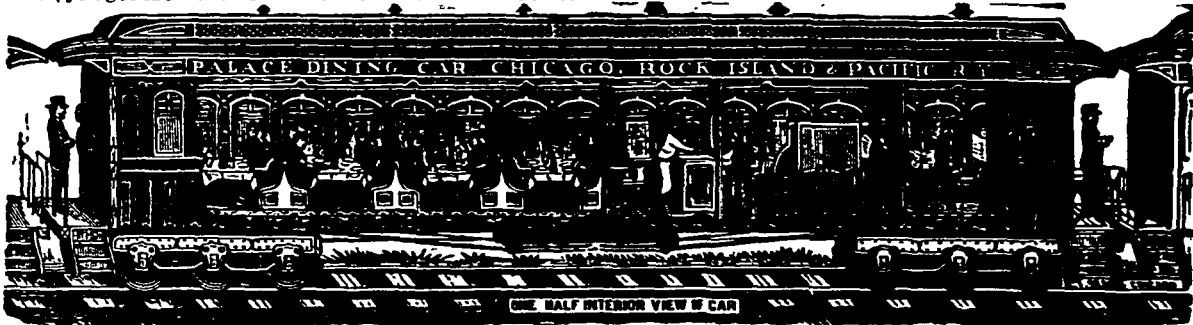
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July 18, 1880. LOCAL AND THROUGH TIME TABLE. No. 19.

| Going North. | | STATIONS. | | Going South. | |
|--------------|------------|----------------------------|------------|--------------|--|
| | | LEAVE | ARRIVE | | |
| 1.25a m. | | Michigan City, - - | 9.35 a.m. | 8.05 p.m. | |
| 2.38 " | 1.55 p.m. | - - - La Porte, - - | 10.23 " | 8.50 " | |
| 2.17 " | 1.36 " | - - - Stillwell, - - | 10.41 " | 9.20 " | |
| 11.55 p.m. | 1.16 " | - - - Walkerton, - - | 11.00 " | 9.47 " | |
| 11.24 " | 12.46 " | - - - Plymouth, - - | 11.35 " | 10.33 " | |
| 10.34 " | 11.53 a.m. | - - - Rochester, - - | 12.27 p.m. | 6.25 a.m. | |
| 19.58 " | 11.14 " | - - - Denver, - - | 1.05 " | 7.01 " | |
| 19.35 " | 10.53 " | - - - Peru, - - | 1.30 " | 7.25 " | |
| 9.08 " | 10.24 " | - - - Bunker Hill, - - | 1.59 " | 1.01 " | |
| 8.38 " | 9.55 " | - - - Kokomo Junction, - - | 2.32 " | 1.35 " | |
| 7.54 " | 9.14 " | - - - Tipton, - - | 3.16 " | 2.23 " | |
| 7.12 " | 8.30 " | - - - Noblesville, - - | 4.00 " | 3.04 " | |
| 6.10 " | 7.30 " | - - - Indianapolis, - - | 5.00 " | 4.00 " | |

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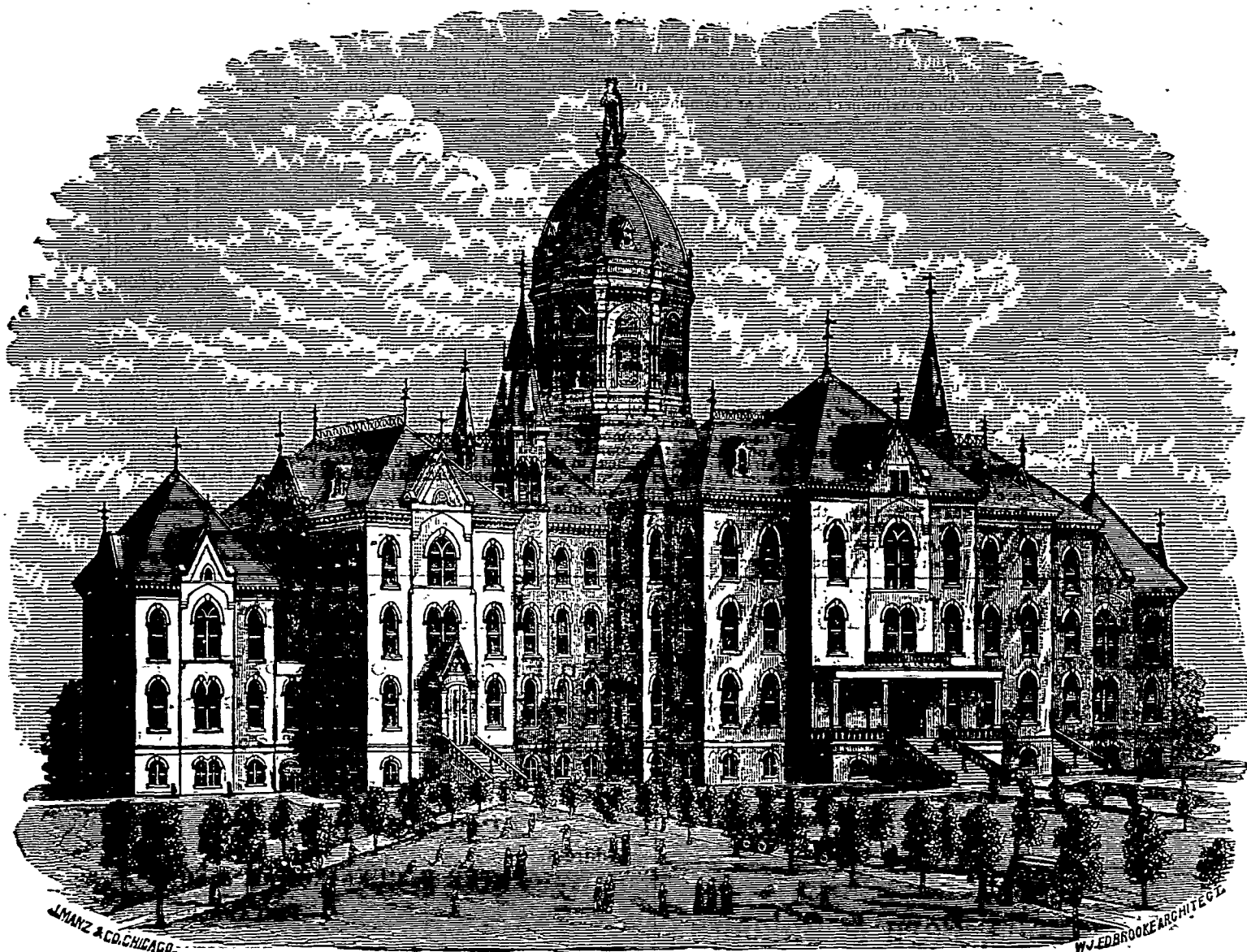
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